

THE GATEWAY OF MEXICO.

FROM EL PASO TO CHIHUAHUA.

SOCIETY IN A MEXICAN TOWN—THE TYPICAL "ROUGH," THE COWARDLY BRAVO, AND THE FRONTIERMAN—TRAGIC MEMORIES OF THE RAILROAD LINE—A VIEW OF THE NORTH MEXICAN COUNTRY.

ROMAN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.

EL PASO DEL NORTE, Mexico, Sept. 9.—With the completion of the Mexican Central Railroad to Chihuahua, the Gateway of Mexico begins to take on a significance and importance unknown in the old days of the ten-mile diligence. As yet this town retains much of its primitive appearance, and even the new railroad station is built of adobe around a courtyard, and, save in its roof and size, follows the usual design of Mexican architecture. The quiet streets present rows of low adobe houses, the windows guarded by carved wooden lattices or iron bars, while the open doors give glimpses into "pasos" and inviting gardens within. On the plaza stands the old church, to which is attributed an age of 275 years, and which was built soon after the Spanish explorers, coming northward along the flanks of the Sierra Madre range, entered this valley, toward the close of the sixteenth century, and took possession of the pumpkin fields and millet hills of the little Indian pueblo on the banks of the Rio Grande. The church is some forty feet by ninety, and the bell tower is about sixty feet in height. Within is a gallery supported by carved wooden pillars, while a curious spiral staircase or "new log winds upward in one corner and the main ceiling rests on beams carried into diamonds from which pews project at regular intervals. Here on days of festas the Mexicans assemble, some coming from the country inreaking wooden wagons or mounted in twos and even threes on diminutive burros, while others are fresh from a night spent at Spanish monto in the gambling houses; but all alike in their lives in paying the way for this road, and even death, for the course of the Mexican Central has been marked by bloody tragedies.

INDIAN TRAGEDIES.

Just on the Southern limit of the sand hills, about forty-four miles below this town, and not far from Candelaria, four crosses can be seen from the car windows, standing on a low hill to the east. The mark spot where in June of last year four Indians, Fornell, Grew, Leavitt and others, were massacred, but are still standing when driving along the trail in a wagon. Grew and the driver were probably killed at the first fire. Fornell and the others found him when they came upon the others themselves as they had been left behind in the hill and found until the morning gave out. Only their horribly mangled bodies surrounded by empty cartridge shells remained when a rescuing party arrived twenty miles away. Wallace, after receiving his first wound, scaped a hole in the sand and continued on, bleeding, amounting to several hours, with drivers and passengers, and when his corpse was raised for burial, the idea of instituting a search revealed this money hidden just underneath his body. Nothing was known of his family, and friends were unable to learn on deposit with the railroad company. Hardly a mile below this spot four contractors, Black, Bell, Chambers and Lewis, met a similar fate in November. There were no horses, however, to stop up the trail with the Indians for ten miles. Then the ground became sandy, and finding they could not escape they rode to the summit of a little hill, shot their horses and lying behind the bodies fought as men might fight who had found every advantage had been shot away and the bushes and cacti along the hill top were literally mowed down by the Indians. They were, however, killing the Apaches and taking off young Pughe, son of ex-Senator Pugh. He had time to write a note of agonized entreaty to his wife, who had come to him from the troops arrived to drive the Indians out of the Apaches' country. The note was next shown Miss Prescott, who refused to say more "for the present" than that it might be heterogeneous.

Mr. Fullerton—It was written to my husband elect. I have tried to get him to release it, but he would not do so, and I am afraid it will be published.

Miss Prescott—Because it begins with "My darling," Mr. Fullerton—That was the only one you had!

Miss Prescott—Yes, at that time.

Mr. Fullerton—Will you be kind enough to explain the jury how you came to address a letter written to your husband to Ernest Harvier?

Miss Prescott—The time might have happened.

Mr. Fullerton—Please explain how.

Miss Prescott—It would be a complicated and difficult thing to do now. My husband and I have ciphered and all sorts of things. I can't possibly explain them.

Mr. Fullerton—Not to oblige me!

Miss Prescott—No, not now.

Mr. Fullerton—Then I must wait.

Mr. Fullerton—What do you find in this letter which leads you to think that it was addressed to your husband?

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